

EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not derive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

HERALD TELEPHONES: Business Office 115, Editor 116, Advertising Department 116.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily Herald, per month, 50c; per year, \$5. Weekly Herald, per year, \$2. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 6 cents a month. A subscriber desiring his address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

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No. 97

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Some Lessons Of the Primary

THE Democratic primaries Saturday showed several things. One in particular that the "ring" leaders will probably take advantage of is the proof that the herder of voters has seen his best day. Saturday's primaries demonstrated that voters cannot be herded as of old. Even the precincts that used to pile up all sorts of majorities for the favorite candidates of the men in power—in "the good old days before the poll tax" as some of the politicians are wont to remark—this year barely gave majorities for "ring" favorites. One of the surprises of the voting was the fact that Alderete's own home precinct went against the ring ticket for Hall. Ike's "strength" is nothing like it used to be, in the days when a poll tax receipt was unnecessary for a voter. With a candidate anything like as strong or as popular as either Hall or Edwards had to face in the primaries, Alderete would not have pulled through. The days and power of the man who boasts of the votes he carries in his pocket seem to be waning.

Hall's defeat in the primaries was not any more attributable to his unpopularity than to the popularity of Edwards; neither was it because the people had more confidence in the ability, honesty or integrity of the other man. Hall's defeat was due solely and surely to the sentiment of the people against some of the acts of Hall's deputies and the weakness displayed by the sheriff in some of his appointments.

After the publication of the sworn evidence of one of the sheriff's deputies in behalf of a man once convicted in El Paso of murder, many of the people of El Paso did not care to cast their vote in approval of the sheriff who had retained this deputy in office as one of his chief lieutenants; then many people favorable to Hall decided at the last minute to cast their votes against him when they saw the personnel of some of his special deputies at the polls on Saturday. The good people of El Paso do not care to see men like Tom Powers serving as "peace officers" at election polls or any place else. Sheriff Hall can therefore attribute his defeat to the men around him rather than to any personal unpopularity or lack of confidence of the people in his honesty and integrity. The sheriff meant well enough, but he was unfortunate in some of his selections of friends and lieutenants.

The people only hope in choosing another man for the office that they will not have occasion to find the same fault with him two years hence.

Douglas couldn't ask for anything better. Three straight games from El Paso ought to make the Demons go home happy enough.

Probably it was the heat of Saturday's political battle that brought on the electrical storm Saturday night; it was the most brilliant that El Paso has seen in years.

The Pride Of Aristocracy

ST. PAUL, Minn., is to inaugurate a new plan of competition in her big cattle show in November. The exhibits will be judged strictly on their merits without regard to pedigree. Aristocrats among the beef makers will receive no more recognition than the stock cattle without any record in the family Bible. The only test will be the ability of the animals to produce first quality beef in abundance. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution will receive no more recognition than the latest arrival in the tramps' steerage. It will be strictly a contest of merit, and many cases are on record where plebeian cattle have shown up better than the cattle of the aristocracy with pedigrees as long as a moving picture film. There will literally be nothing in a name.

There is a good deal of human interest in this little cattle show item, for the pedigree of many humans is open to the same sort of query. "Blue blood" too often means anemia, and pride of ancestry is too often made an excuse for present general worthlessness.

In this western country men are put on test just as the beef cattle will be put on test at St. Paul. The question over here is, What are you good for? What can you do? A writer in "Life" admits that the western test is the most searching and most practical; he says the New Englander asks, What do you know? the New Yorker, How much have you got? but in the west the real test is the test of performance, while ancestry is the last thing to gain recognition upon, unless it manifests itself in actual superiority.

Anyhow, the county ring is a bit battered; it knew there was an election Saturday.

And after all, elections do not always demonstrate that the best man gets the job.

While the Hall Room Boys had nothing to do with it, Hall will make room for "the Boys" after November. There doesn't seem to be any room around the county courthouse for "opposition."

To Relieve Money Market

THE secretary of the treasury advises national banks to form currency associations under the Aldrich-Vreeland law of May 30, 1908. The law provides for the issuance of additional bank notes in emergencies, either by individual banks upon deposit of proper security or by organizations of 10 or more national banks, having a combined capitalization of \$5,000,000 or more.

The secretary believes that the plan of currency associations to issue emergency bank notes is practical and commendable. He thinks the formation of the associations should not be delayed until the emergency arises, but should take place now while the financial atmosphere is clear. There is no immediate likelihood of immediate revision of the law, and the banks may as well take advantage of it.

Some men are bound to have laudatory public notices, even if it is necessary to print "advertisement" at the end, around about election time.

Let us have light, says San Francisco street. It is scant courtesy to visitors to keep that street dark.

The county ring candidates appear to have pooled their issues successfully.—Adv.

Sheppard ran 1000 yards at Long Island City the other day in 2:12.25 and broke the world's record, but even more remarkable is the fact that Myer's time 30 years ago was only three-fifths of a second slower. It would seem as if a whole generation of training, constant practice, and sharp competition would have made more difference than that.

EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

UNCLE WALR's Denatured Poem

I AM the blithe and cheerful skate who always has to pay the freight. I labor in the heat and dirt, and wear a faded flannel shirt, and eat my dinner from a pail, and pick my molars with a nail, and use my whiskers if I'd brush from off my chin the corn meal mush. And well dressed sports come up and say: "Wheighs, my worthy friend, good day! We run for office, and we hope that you will harken to our doc, and help elect us on the day when all the voters put us in. And if we win we'll lift the tax that's burdening the workers' backs. It is our sweetest hope and dream, to fill with mince pie and ice cream and codfish balls, and pickled whale, the laborer's tin dinner pail. O sturdy toiler, vote for us, and we will raise the blindest fuss, and put up forty kinds of fights, until we've got you all your rights!" I've listened to this sort of lunge, they've loaded me with fairy junk, year after year since I was young; what working man has not been stung? I've voted for so many guys who promised that they'd help me rise to heights of affluence and ease! Just pass my dinner bucket, please. See what's inside—a naked bone, some liver and a slab of pone.

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THE COBRA

By Argwickie Pullen.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we all gathered on the piazza of the major's bungalow a few miles from Bombay. With the exception of our host none of us had ever seen any of the tricks of the real Indian fakirs, so we were naturally quite excited. Captain Goring, a young officer, who had only been a few months in India, languished at the idea of any of these men possessing occult powers, while Jermyn, the engineer who was somewhat of a scientist, played with a small kodak hidden in an ordinary cigar box because of the natives' dislike of photography.

On the lawn outside stood two shabby men in the dazzling sunshine. These two were famous magicians invited by the major to convert the doubting Goring. Their preparations were very simple, and their apparatus consisted merely of a small basket and a little bundle of clothes. Upon a signal from the major, the magicians, a gray man and an old Indian, put their heads into the basket and drew forth a large cobra whose forked tongue played in the sunlight. The other magician whistled softly and the cobra began to sway gently in time with the tune. At the same time we heard the clicking of Jermyn's camera. The music grew wilder and little by little the dancing cobra began to be transformed into a woman who continued dancing as the music faded.

I remember Jermyn afterwards compared his sensations to a chloroform hallucination, which seems to indicate that he at least kept his head clear. As for myself, I remember only dimly hearing the click of the camera as the transformation took place.

Suddenly the music stopped and the girl stood in front of us draped only in a black veil. She dropped the veil and we saw the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her dark eyes scanned our faces and fastened on Goring. Her beauty was unearthly but more fascinating than that of any woman I ever saw—a strange wild salacious beauty, which cut into one's heart and aroused the wildest desires in one's head.

The sight kept us spellbound; we were all bereft of the use of our senses with the exception of Jermyn. An engineer he was a hopeless subject when he can see no beauty in anything but rail road bridges and dams, and addresses his wife as "old friend" and calls his locomotive "she." Jermyn was cool enough to take a photograph.

The girl came nearer her eyes constantly riveted on Goring's face. He gave a sharp cry, half in fear, half in joy and went to meet her with open arms.

Her face was dazzling white, but her eyes looked like glowing coals at the bottom of two deep wells. She stretched out her hands towards Goring—and disappeared.

We awoke from our dreamlike condition with a start. The major rubbed his eyes and sighed. Perhaps it was well that his wife, who was red and fat, did not hear that sigh. Jermyn, whose hands were shaking, asked for a whiskey and soda and said he felt rather shaky. Goring said nothing. He was reclining in his chair and stared with wild eyes towards the place where the girl had disappeared. In the sunshine out-

side the magicians were packing to go to their tents.

The major paid them and hurried to Goring's side.

"Wake up old boy," he said with a rather forced attempt to appear jolly. "Goring did not move but kept on staring into space, as if he saw a ghost. Jermyn shook him, but took no notice.

"Where is she," he murmured.

We sought for her and placed him on the major's bed, but it took our combined strength to hold him there. He raved and swore he must follow the girl. After an hour he grew calmer, but even when the doctor came he continued to whisper: "I love her, I love her."

"Now do not be an idiot Goring," said the major, "there was no woman at all. They only made you believe you saw one when the man took the cobra from the basket, one when we first saw the girl and finally one when Goring was about to embrace her, and I'll be hanged if he did not come near taking the cobra from the basket and thrusting it before our eyes. Look here."

He held the last film to the light and we plainly saw Goring with the hands that were two inches from a large cobra in erect position ready to strike.

"Well you can't hypnotize a camera, you know," Jermyn continued. "The girl we saw was nothing more than the infernal reptile, and still there was not one of us who was not ready to kiss it."

The major and I went to sit up with Goring, who was now sleeping calmly. The doctor had promised to look in a couple of hours after midnight and as the major took the first watch I laid down to get a little sleep.

About half past 1 I was awakened by the major shouting that Goring had gone. The window leading to the piazza was open and the moonlight showed Goring must have taken advantage of his absence while he went to get some ice water in the dining room. "He was apparently asleep when I left," the major said, "but when I returned about 10 minutes later the bed was empty."

All the servants were aroused and we began a search. Near the end of the garden the major stopped with an exclamation of horror. We could see nothing and the path was narrow, and the major's broad shoulders blocked the road, but we heard a faint noise among the fallen leaves and quick as lightning the major whipped out his revolver.

The shot was still ringing in our ears when we heard a louder noise among the leaves and saw the major kneeling down.

"Here he is," he said, "poor Goring. He fell a mile and we saw Goring dead, his head resting on the major's knee. The mark of a terrible snake bite was on his throat and among the leaves we saw an immense cobra in the last throes of death."

That was what I asked myself for two days, and then I became a busybody and grew interested in my neighbors.

I talked too much. "And you know, Auntie, the fish won't bite when you talk," said my little lad with engaging candor. "So, if you don't mind, Auntie, dear, may I go fishing?" I said I would alone and you can sit on the veranda."

So the veranda and a book, with the everlasting hills to gaze upon, became my portion.

Pretty soon, right under my nose, there cropped up the prettiest romance. The girl was so young that she hardly knew it was a romance, a demure, angel-faced scrap of a girl, the kind of girl that the wise folks have decreed women fall in love and marry young.

They were drifting into love's haven as fast as possible, if only their elders and friends will leave them alone.

But those busy meddlers are inclined to tease them, and at every insinuation that she and the boy are more than the merest friends, the girls takes alarm, like a shy wild creature of the woods.

Let them alone.

Oh, the romances that are brought to an abrupt end by well meaning, interfering friends! When a man and a maid are falling in love, the kindest thing their friends can do is to let them alone. It is well enough to throw them unobtrusively together, but anything obvious places the girl in a most mortifying position, and is apt to frighten away the man. The quickest way to break off a match is to tease the participants.

An anxious mother often spoils her daughter's chances by betraying her secret. When a man knows the kind of a wife he wants, and throwing a girl at a man's head is both unwise and unnecessary.

Sometimes when a young man is just beginning to feel that he is interested in a girl, some member of her family will pass a remark that shows that they think his intentions are serious. It frequently frightens Miss Muffet away.

No teasing is pleasant for the victim, but the teasing of young men and girls about each other is insufferable. Never tease a girl about a man's peculiarities. If she can overlook them, surely you can. It is no business of yours. I know one girl who grew to hate a man and finally broke her engagement because her family teased her so much about some of his mannerisms.

She could not have cared very deeply for him, you will say. But she did love him, and would have grown to care more as time went on, only those peculiarities, once revealed, and ridiculed, got upon her nerves and she was young and foolish, so she sent him away.

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE HAS RADICAL IDEAS

XIX-XX.—THE BRITISH CRISIS.

LONDON, Eng., July 25.—"He is," said a great British journalist, of David Lloyd-George, "the symbol of a new age, the herald of a new time, the outward and visible sign that the common people are coming into their own. It is difficult to place Lloyd-George. We have had nothing like him in British politics before. Perhaps he comes nearest to Abraham Lincoln of any of the latter day leaders of the democracy."

Unlike Jefferson, unlike Gladstone, Lloyd-George is like Lincoln in that he is a democratic through and through. Being of the plain people, he knows the plain people, he loves the plain people and he always is the champion of the plain people, believing with the great American emancipator that "God must have loved the plain people for he made so many of them." Like Lincoln he is abhorred of the classes and adored of the masses. There has been nothing like him in all the history of British politics. He is the head and front of the revolution in Britain, and as such he is the most hated and the most loved man in all the realm of George V.

That such a man holds the high office of chancellor of the exchequer, that such a man is the leader of the party in power in Great Britain, that such a man seems destined to rule over the British empire as the prime minister of the crown; that such a man has power to sway a British cabinet and command a British parliament, is, in the estimation of the ruling classes, who have governed England for a thousand years, an outrage and a desecration.

That such a man has been able to reach this high position and to wield this great power, is to the struggling and starving masses of average men and women, the promise of the dawn of a new and better day, a day in which the man who works shall be equal before the law and in political power with the man who shirks.

The story of Lloyd-George is a story that might seem commonplace in a political annals, but it is unique and unprecedented among the tales of British political successes. David Lloyd-George, although a Welshman of Welshmen, was not born in Wales. He came into the world at Manchester, on January 17, 1863, and is therefore not yet 48 years old. His father, William George, came of a Welsh yeoman stock but had engaged in the business of

teaching school and as such was living in England. The mother of the chancellor of the exchequer was Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter of the reverend David Lloyd, a Baptist minister.

Soon after young David was born his father and mother returned to Wales, and before the boy was three years old his father died. The home was broken up, and the first thing David Lloyd-George can remember is the sale of his widowed mother's furniture to satisfy a debt owed to an absent still impersonal landlord. The Non-Conformist father, and the other widow could not take care of all the children, and David was given to her brother, Richard Lloyd.

Richard Lloyd was a shoemaker in the village of Llanystumdwy for six days in the week, and the other half was pastor of an improvised congregation of Campbellite Baptists. Lloyd's cobbler shop was the village forum, and in it every day gathered the village worthies to discuss the news and religion, and to hear from the lips of the educated Richard Lloyd translations of the news from the Liverpool and London papers. For in this village most of the people spoke only Welsh. The shoemaker was also a sort of parish lawyer, he gave advice without charge to the tenants and laborers of the community.

Begin in Shoemaker's Shop. In this shoemaker's shop the young David's heart was set on fire with zeal for the cause of his people. Tales of landlord's oppressions, stories of starvation, living witnesses of the hopelessness of a peasant's life, came into his consciousness along with the tales of his own Welsh nation. His uncle sacrificed the meager savings of his life time to give the boy the best available education to fit him for the life of a lawyer. At the age of 14 he had passed the law preliminary examination, and at 16 he was articled to a firm of solicitors.

At 17 he qualified as a solicitor and in the first year of his practice took a case which gained him a national reputation. A poor quarryman, at the point of death, sent to his Non-Conformist minister and expressed his desire to be buried in the grave in the churchyard of the Established church, where his little daughter had been buried years before, and he expressed the further desire that the burial service should be used. The man died, and

14 YEARS AGO TO-DAY

(From The Herald of this date, 1896)

Francisco Anylia, who was convicted of murder and sentenced to serve five years in jail, escaped from the convict gang at San Elizario yesterday and went to Mexico.

The city health officer has filed several complaints against prominent citizens for not making connections with the new sewer.

The city council met last night. Mayor Campbell suggested that the city assess and collect the property tax on all collections monthly and the reason for delinquencies.

A burglar entered the home of Edwin Thomas, on North Stanton street, at an early hour this morning and got away with \$200 in money and some valuable jewelry.

The river is running from shore to shore today.

E. Slack has been appointed chairman of the new managing committee of the El Paso baseball team.

C. E. Jones has been retained as manager.

The El Paso and Silver City baseball teams played this afternoon and to-morrow.

It is believed that the same burglar who robbed the Thomas house is the one who attempted to rob W. H. Tuttle's residence two days ago.

The team owned by expressman Johnson, who was charged with the murder of Santa Fe switch engine this morning and Johnson was thrown out on his head. The ground was not damaged any.

A small reservoir is being constructed at the Courthouse quarry.

A big crowd attended the McGinty concert on the plaza last night.

Major W. H. H. Llewellyn is in town today.

Market: Silver 65 1/2c; lead, 25 1/2c; copper, 10 1/2c; Mexican pesos, 53c.

Some years later she met him and saw how much of a man he was, and she then and there made up her mind to be strong enough in the future to abide by her own opinions.

Make Fun Of Him. Sometimes a girl will write and tell me that she loves a man, but hesitates to marry him because her friends make fun of him.

What if other people do make fun of him, you are the one to marry him, not they. You have a better chance of knowing his real worth.

The thing to do is to assert yourself and say, "Make fun of him to others, if you like, but don't dare do it to me." That will silence them.

When a girl marries, she marries to suit herself, not her neighbors; if she loves and respects the man, that is all she need worry about.

A last word to the busybodies. When cupid is doing his mischief, keep people together, keep out and mind your own business. Help them when the opportunity occurs, but don't meddle and don't tease.

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A last word to the busybodies. When cupid is doing his mischief, keep people together, keep out and mind your own business. Help them when the opportunity occurs, but don't meddle and don't tease.

Now, the average American husband is not a tyrant; he is not a miser; he is not a cruel and exacting taskmaster.

He is just exactly what his wife makes him—a money-making machine, and he is a money-making machine, and very little else, because money is the one thing that the average American woman seems to want from her husband.

Money, talks, but, to the average woman, money fairly yells.

The man I know spends two-thirds of his income on his wife and family, and spends the other third making up excuses to account for what he did with the other third.

A woman who thinks of nothing but

Abe Martin



In selectin' a cantaloupe remember that beauty is only skin deep. Th' practice of law is th' steppin' stone t' th' best farm in th' country.

The old grave was opened, ready to receive the corpse of the Non-Conformist minister, mindful of the dying man's request, gave notice under the newly enacted Osborn-Morgan burial act, which gave Non-Conformists the right to bury their dead under the exercise of their own ministrations, that the rector's services would not be required. The rector was furious, and although under the new law he could not forbid the burial in the churchyard he claimed the right to decide where the body should be buried. He ordered the sexton to close up the grave and open another in a desolate corner of the churchyard where had been set aside for the interment of suicides.

As a Lawyer, Advises Action. The relatives of the dead man consulted the boy lawyer, Lloyd-George. He found that the churchyard had been given to the church by the community, and that it was enclosed by a stone wall erected at the cost of the parishioners, and that it undoubtedly was parish property.

The young solicitor advised the villagers to assemble in force at the entrance of the churchyard and demand admittance as a right. "And then," he said, "should the vicar refuse to open the gates, then break down the wall which your subscriptions have built, force your way into the churchyard which your own rector has so carefully guarded, and bury your dead there. This heroic advice appealed to the infuriated quartermen and it was obeyed and carried out to the letter.

The rector brought an action for trespass and damages in the county court. Lloyd-George made a brilliant speech in defense, and under the spell of his eloquence the jury brought in an immediate verdict in favor of his clients. But the judge waived the verdict on a point of law and awarded damages to the rector. An appeal was taken before lord chief justice Coleridge, who quashed the judgment of the county court, and justified the violence of the infuriated villagers as a legitimate assertion of their legal rights.

Attracts Much Attention. This case attracted great attention in Non-Conformist circles all over the country and it was the beginning of Mr. Lloyd-George's professional fame. He became secretary of the Anti-Tithe league, an organization formed to resist the enforced payment of tithes to the clergy of the Established church. A tour of the country in behalf of this organization was his first speaking campaign. He was elected to the first county council chosen in Carnarvonshire, and was known as the youngest alderman in the kingdom. In 1890, when he was 27 years old, he was elected to parliament as a representative of Carnarvon Boroughs, which seat he has held for 20 years. He has been elected six times, and each time by an increased majority.

First Big Speech In 1890. His first big speech in the house of commons was delivered in the debate upon the Budget of 1890, and was an attack upon the privileges of the liquor trade. It was a terrific arraignment of Joseph Chamberlain's Budget, and Churchill, and in this initial effort the young Welsh member won praises from the press gallery and predictions of a great career.

Later in his first session, he took up the fight for Welsh disestablishment, and with two other Welsh members undertook a series of filibusters which forced even Mr. Gladstone to attempt to silence him. But the young Welshman declared that he had as much right to act according to his conscience as Mr. Gladstone, and he did not hesitate to cross swords with the great commoner, who, it must be confessed, was not much of a sensation when the church was involved. Before his first

(Continued on Page Seven.)

AMERICAN HUSBANDS

By Winifred Black

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT is telling them over in England that chivalry is dead in America.

She had better come home and learn something about her own country before she makes many more such statements.

Chivalry dead in America! Perhaps it is in Newport, or up on the Riverside Drive. It is not dead in the little old United States. Not dead, and not even dying.

Husbands treat their wives like slaves. They do not give their wives a decent share of their earnings."

Well, well. There is always a new point of view, isn't there?

Now, the average American husband that I know works for just one thing—to give his wife the very best home he can afford, and to educate his children as if there were to be the heirs to millions.

The average American husband is not a tyrant; he is not a miser; he is not a cruel and exacting taskmaster. He is just exactly what his wife makes him—a money-making machine, and he is a money-making machine, and very little else, because money is the one thing that the average American woman seems to want from her husband.